

It's A Nice Day To Start Again by [dustyirish](#)

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Summary:

Drunk proposals and hangover cuddles.

It's A Nice Day To Start Again

Author's Note:

I have no valid excuse for this ridiculousness. It just kinda happened.

I can also be found on Tumblr under myspookysunshine - where I'm taking requests or prompts or pretty much whatever.

It's a nice day for a white wedding.

~ *Billy Idol*

Steve swam up to foggy consciousness in what he thought was his own bed. It felt like his bed. It smelled like his bed. He just couldn't remember how the hell he had come to be *in* it.

He blinked his eyes open. The world started spinning immediately and he had to slam them shut again. "Oh god, somebody kill me," he moaned into his pillow.

A sound came from somewhere near the foot of the bed, not a sound Steve particularly wanted to hear at that moment - the click of a camera shutter. Yeah, not much mystery as to who *that* could be.

"Byers ... what the fuck?"

"It's a good picture."

"What, exactly, about anything happening here is good?"

"The lighting?"

The 'duh' was clear in his tone, and Steve would have laughed, if doing so wouldn't have also triggered a bout of projectile vomiting.

"Jesus," he croaked. "What time is it?"

"Almost seven."

"A.M. or P.M.?"

"A.M." A hint of amusement.

Steve shifted - very, very minutely - and felt sheets against the bare skin of his stomach. "Dude ... did you get me naked?"

"You're not naked. Not quite. But, yeah."

"I'm assuming you had a good reason for this?" Steve's nose itched. He rubbed it against the pillow, then whimpered as his skull was bombarded by shards of glass.

"Several, actually." Jonathan replied, then asked, a little cautiously, "Do you remember anything about last night?"

Steve thought for a second, as well as he could manage through the haze. "People. Music. A keg." Then came a flash that made no sense. Him swaying against a decidedly male body, his hands spanning decidedly masculine hips. Dark eyes looking up at him with fond exasperation. "Byers ... were we dancing together?"

"Not my idea."

"What ..."

"Also not my idea for you to switch from beer to Everclear and Tang halfway through the evening."

Steve moaned. "Oh Jesus, I didn't."

"Oh, you did. I think some of the evidence might still be on the floor mat of my car, if you want to check."

Steve grimaced. "Fuck. Sorry."

"So you said last night. Right between announcing that you intended to start a Hawkins chapter of the Tom Cruise look-alike club and proposing marriage to me."

Steve raised his head, intending to turn and stare at Jonathan, then dropped it right back to the pillow as a bolt of pain and nausea spiked through him. "You're making that up." Not the Cruise thing, probably, because yeah ... totally something he would do. "The last part, anyway."

"No, I'm not. And I have Nancy as a witness."

Steve wanted to be horrified, but the horror was overshadowed by the hell happening in his body. "God, I feel like shit," he gasped. "Why'd you have to remind me of the Everclear?"

Jonathan moved to the side of the bed and lay a hand on Steve's shoulder. His voice gentled. "You want to try an aspirin?"

Steve swallowed as the mere thought threatened to turn his stomach inside out. "Not an awesome idea."

"Can you get back to sleep?"

"The throbbing in my head says 'not a fucking chance'."

"What can I do to help?"

"Get your ass in here and cuddle me," Steve whispered, only half-kidding.

Jonathan chuffed out a dismissive laugh and left the room.

He was back a couple of minutes later, shutting the blinds on his way through. The room went blissfully dim.

"Byers, I love you."

"Yeah, you said that last night, too. Repeatedly."

Steve felt a weight settle beside him and then a cool cloth was being held to the back of his neck. He groaned in relief as the nausea was driven back slightly.

Steve wasn't jostled and jolted as Jonathan stretched out on the mattress. There was no attempt at pranks or sophomoric humor (unlike Tommy H., whose favorite way to wake Steve up after a night of drinking had been to mix a concoction of the most vile-smelling things he could imagine, pop it into a glass, wave said glass under Steve's nose, and time how long it took for the inevitable to happen). Jonathan was being nothing but quiet and considerate and Steve felt a little like kissing him. He might even have tried it if his mouth didn't taste like some small animal had crawled inside to die.

Fingers brushed softly through the ends of Steve's hair. Steve knew it was nothing more than readjusting the cloth, but it *felt* like petting, and it was glorious.

"Just try to keep still," Jonathan murmured. "It'll get better."

Steve lay face-down in his pillow and relaxed as much as the hangover would allow, the sound of Jonathan's soft breathing eventually lulling him into a much-needed doze.

He opened his eyes a bit later and took stock. His head was still pounding, but he thought he had finally made it to the point where moving wouldn't necessarily equal puking. Steve was willing to risk it; the solid warmth lying next to him was just too inviting to pass up. "Fair warning : cuddling's about to commence."

"But ..."

Steve interrupted, anticipating all of the possible protests. Friends didn't do that. Guys didn't do that. Guys *definitely* didn't do that when neither of them was wearing anything more than a pair of underpants. "Yeah, I'm well aware, and give absolutely zero fucks. Doing it anyway. Deal with it."

He rolled - very slowly and carefully to avoid vertigo - and wrapped himself around Jonathan, head coming to rest on his shoulder.

"You're the one always wanting to buck convention, Byers," he mumbled against his neck. "So let's buck." He waited a beat. Silence. "Nothing? Come on, that was funny, especially coming from a corpse."

Jonathan wasn't pushing him off ... but he also wasn't putting much effort into participation. He lay motionless under Steve, stiff as a board - it felt like he might even be holding his breath.

Steve sighed. "C'mon, man - this is not a difficult concept. Just lift your arms and put them around me." No movement. "Do I have to beg?" No answer. "I'll take that as a yes." He moved in a little closer and nuzzled Jonathan's neck, whispering. "Please?" He retraced the same trail with his lips. "Pretty please with sugar?"

Steve realized this action fell a bit outside the normal methods of peer pressure. Steve also didn't give much of a shit, since it got the desired results.

The tension left Jonathan's body, his breathing evened out and arms finally came up around Steve's back. Steve hadn't asked for the hand rubbing gentle circles between his shoulder blades, but absolutely *would* have if it had occurred to him. He moved his own arm into a comfier position, curled around Jonathan's waist.

Steve closed his eyes and sighed again, this time in contentment. "So, how did I do it?"

"Do what?"

"Propose to you."

"Uh ... you said that I was cool."

"You are, in your own way."

"That I was weird enough to keep things interesting."

"Totally valid point."

"That my french toast alone was worth marrying for."

"Christ, yes. No question there."

"That's all." It was low and stilted and Steve swore he could feel the blush spreading over Jonathan's chest.

"Dude, you suck utterly at lying. Tell me. I'll just get it out of Nance anyway."

It was muttered, so low that Steve almost didn't catch it. "You called me beautiful."

"Hmm. That's probably because you are. I mean, not to weird you out, but you just *are*. You're a good looking guy."

Jonathan started to protest, but Steve overrode him. "Please tell me I got more romantic than french toast and beautiful."

Jonathan snorted. "That depends on your definition of 'romantic'."

Steve went back to his former nuzzling assault. "Tell me," he murmured.

Jonathan's breath hitched slightly. "Trust me. This is not the ideal time."

"C'mon. It can't be that bad."

"Can't it?" Jonathan asked, and huffed out a laugh.

Steve kept up the nuzzling a little longer, then rolled fully onto Jonathan, blocking any chance of escape. He looked down into his eyes. "I'm gonna get this out of you, Byers, one way or another. Plus, it's been like a whole minute. Timing any better now?"

"No ... it just got exponentially worse," he muttered, and blushed scarlet.

Steve was a little startled at the reaction. "Right. Now I think I *have* to know."

"Fine. *Jesus*. Okay." Jonathan sighed and averted his eyes, voice dropping to a whisper. "You said that making love to me - seeing me open up and then come apart under you - would be the sweetest total-body mindfuck in existence."

Steve blinked, his brain blanking for a moment, then opened his mouth, honestly not sure what was going to come out. "Wow. And you didn't abandon me at the side of the road after this?"

"Of course not."

"And instead of trying to dump my drunk ass off on Nance, you brought me home and took care of me all night?"

"Yeah? So?"

"And - despite my clear subconscious desire to ravish you - when I suggested this whole cuddling thing you climbed right into bed with me instead of freaking out and fleeing? Why?"

"Because you wanted me to."

"Huh." Steve dipped down and brushed his lips over Jonathan's forehead. "Know what I think, Byers? Proposing to you is not the worst idea I've ever had. Beats the hell out of Tang and Everclear. By the way ... what did you say to all this last night?"

Jonathan finally looked back up, slight smirk on his face. "Nothing. Nancy said it for me. 'You're an idiot, Steve Harrington'."